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*2nd Pr*

*L.M. Drummond*

# OH, PROMISE ME!

(PROMETS QU'UN JOUR)

\*ROMANZA\*

WORDS BY

CLEMENT SCOTT

Music by

REGINALD DE KOVEN

PRICE 60 CENTS

THE FREDERICK HARRIS MUSIC CO. LTD.

OAKVILLE, ONT.

CANADA

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# God remembers when the world forgets.

Words by  
CLIFTON BINGHAM.

Music by  
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

*Andante.*

PIANO. *p*

*Lento*

*Allegretto.*

*p*

How man-y gar-dens in this world of ours, — Hold blos-soms that have never

come to flow'rs? A sud-den wind comes cold-ly by,

*rall.*

— The rose tree bids its fair-est bud good-bye.

*rall.*

How many gardens in this world of ours  
Hold blossoms that have never come to flowers?  
A sudden wind comes coldly by—  
The rose tree bids its fairest bud good-bye.

How many ships of ours go out to sea  
In search of havens that shall tranquil be?  
The storms of fate their fairest hopes o'er set,  
And there is naught to do except forget.

How many wear a smile upon their face  
Although their hearts may hold an empty place?  
None know the heights nor depths of their regrets,  
But God remembers when the world forgets.

PRICE 2/- NET.

THE FREDERICK HARRIS MUSIC CO. LTD., Oakville, Ontario, CANADA

# Oh Promise Me.

3

Promets Qu'un Jour

MELODIE

Words by  
CLEMENT SCOTT

Music by  
REGINALD de KOVEN, Op. 50

VOICE

Moderato

PIANO

*p*

*pesante*

Oh! prom - ise me, that some day you and  
Pro - mets qu'un jour, dans l'ou - bli de ce

*mf*

*p*

*f*

*ped.*

1 mon - de Will take our love to - geth - er to some sky, Where  
Li - és par no - tre foi, comme i - ci - bas, Nous



*semplice*  
*p*

we can be a - lone and faith re - new, And  
mê - le - rons aux touf - fés des li - las, La

*cresc.*

*poco rall.*

find the hol - lows where those flow - ers grew, Those  
vi - o - lette aux pru - nel - les pro - fon - des. Puis

*p poco rall.*

*con tenerzza*

first sweet vi - o - lets of ear - ly spring, Which  
en - i - vrés de ces â - pres en - cens, Nous

*p marcato la melodia*

come in whis - pers, thrill us both, and sing Of  
ou - vri - rons notre âme à l'har - mo - nie, Aux

*cresc.* love un - speak - a - ble that is to be, Oh!  
 mur - mu - res que fait la dra - pe - rie Des

*f* *rall.*

*cresc.*

*f* *rall.*

*p* prom - ise me, Oh! prom - ise me!  
 bois sa - crés, tout le prin - temps.

*p*

*p*

*mf* Oh!  
 Par..

*poco rubato*

*p*

prom - ise me, that you will take my hand, The  
 mi les fleurs du - ne ter - re bé - ni - e, Je

most un - wor - thy in this lone - ly land, And  
cher - che - rai tes pas sur le che - min, Voy -

let me sit be - side you, in your eyes  
ant naitre en tes yeux le clair ma - tin,

*cresc.*  
See ing the vis - ion of our pa - ra - dise.  
Et quand pen - che le jour, l'é - toile a - mi - e.

*cresc.*

*ff largamente e con passione.*  
Hear - ing love's mes - sage, while the or - gan rolls, Its  
Ré - ves dés - voir, po - é - ti - ques chan - sons, Vi -

*ff*



migh - - ty mu - sic to our ve - - ry souls, No  
brez en nous. A - mour, ou - vres - ry tes ai - les; Viens

*con forza*

*con forza*

love, less per - fect than a life with thee, Oh!  
sou - - le - ver nos â - mes im - mor - tel - les Qui

*cresc.*

*cresc.*

prom - ise me, Oh! prom - ise me!  
vont chan - ter à lu - nis - son.

*rall.* *ff* *dim.*

*rall.* *ff* *a tempo*

*p* *rall.* *pp*

*Red.* *\** *Red.* *\**

Low in B flat

Medium in C

High in D

## GLORIA.

SACRED SONG.

words by  
M.C. SCHUYLER.Music by  
A. BUZZI PACCIA.

*p con dolcezza*

Ev'ry flow'r feels the pow'r  
O-gni fior al la-por

*p* *din.* *p*

Of the budding April time, Ev'ry heart doth bear its part in  
del fio-run te A-pril O-gni cor al luo-a-mor

*p* *cresc.* *p*

*rit.* *atempo* *p*

prais-ing Thee, O Lord, di-vine. So the breeze on the seas  
Spi-ga-sun can ti-co-gra-ti-l Tali-tar scours i-mar

*a tempo* *ff*

Neath a cloud-less sum-mer sky Shows thy face re-flec-ted  
in es-se-na-di La his gran-da spec-chia

*p* *f*

Price  $\frac{1}{6}$   
50¢ net.

Glory to God who from the heav'n above, rulest supreme the world.

Ev'ry flow'r feels the power of the budding April time,  
Ev'ry heart doth bear its part in praising Thee, O Lord, divine.  
So the breeze on the seas, neath a cloudless summer sky,  
Shows thy face reflected, from the great throne on high!  
In the dark day of sorrow our comfort Thou art,  
From Thee must we borrow all solace for the heart.

God is there. Haste, His mercy implore; All acclaim His great name. Sovereign Lord, for evermore.

Glory Thou who art Lord of all;  
Who to thy power doth all mercy unite.  
Works of man endure not, all they pass in a night;  
Thou for ever reignest in thy splendour and might!  
Glory thou who art Lord of all;  
God of love, God of love, God of might, God for ever.

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